

J. WISE HAGINS, Editor and Publisher

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ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Volume V.

Jackson, Kentucky, Friday, March 2, 1906.

Number 19.

TRADE AT THE

Star Store.

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Shoes, Hats, and a Fine Line of

LADIES' DRESS GOODS

Skirts, Jackets, Silk and Woolen Waists,
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Feathers and Quills Wanted

We buy all kinds of

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Feathers and Quills the year round.

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Special Round-trip Homeseekers' Rates to southwest and west
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and third Tuesdays of February and March, 1906.

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All business entrusted to him
will receive prompt and careful at-
tention.

"To Cure a Felon"

Says Sam Kendall, of Phillipsburg,
Kan.: "Just cover it over with Buck-
len's Arnica Salve and the Salve will
do the rest. Quickest cure for burns,
boils, sores, scalds, wounds, piles, ec-
zema, salt rheum, chapped hands, sore
feet and sore eyes. Only 25¢ at the
Jackson Drug Co. Guaranteed.

CINCINNATI MARKET.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 28. — Hogs:
strong; butchers and shippers,
\$6 45@6 50; common, \$5 10@6 05.
Cattle steady; fair and good ship-
pers, \$4 50@6 50; common, \$3 00.
Sheep strong; 3 25@5 50. Lambs
active, \$4 25@7 50.

FOUND.

John W. Dean had a pain in his back
for about five years and it finally be-
came so great that he could not work
and, in fact, could not walk at times.
Several physicians failed to cure him,
but he found a remedy. It was Smith's
Kidney and Nerve Tonic. For sale by
S. H. Sidham & Son, Jackson, Ky.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE
Makes Kidneys and Bladder Right

The Two Vanrevels

By BOOTH TARKINGTON,
Author of "The Gentleman From Indiana" and "Monsieur Beaucaire"

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Since the world began idle and in-
dustrious philosophers have speculated
much upon the thoughts of men about
to die, yet it cannot be too ingenious
to believe that such thoughts vary as
the men, their characters and condi-
tions of life vary. Nevertheless, pur-
suant with the traditions of minstrelsy
and romance, it is conceivable that
young unmarried men called upon to
face desperate situations might, at the
crucial moment, rush to a common ex-
perience of summoning the vision, each
of his heart's desire, and to meet, each
his doom, with her name upon his lips.

An extraordinary thing occurred in
the present instance, for, by means of
some fragmentary remarks left at the
time and afterward recalled, such as
"Tappingham Marsh's gasping, 'At
least it will be on her father's roof!'"
and from other things later overheard,
an inevitable deduction has been
reached that four of the five gentlemen
in the perilous case heretofore de-
scribed were occupied with the vision of
the same person, to wit, Miss Elizabeth
Carewe, "the last, the prettiest, to come
to town."

Craley Gray, alone, spoke not at all,
but why did he strain and strain his
eyes toward that empty pedestal with
the grotesque carvings? Did he seek
Fanchon there, or was Miss Carewe
the last sweet apparition in the fancies
of all five of the unhappy young men?
The coincidence of the actual appear-
ance of the lady among them therefore
seemed the more miraculous when,
worn and hopeless, staggering desper-
ately backward to the gable ridge, they
heard a clear contralto voice behind
them:

"Hadden't you better all come down
now?" it said. "The stairway will be
on fire before long."

Only one thing could have been more
shockingly unexpected to the five than
that there should be a sixth person on
the roof, and this was that the sixth
person should be Miss Betty Carewe.

They turned, aghast, agape, chop-
fallen with astonishment, stunned and
incredulous.

She stood just behind the gable
ridge, smiling amiably, a most incon-



"Hadden't you better all come down now?"

gruous little pink fan in her hand, the
smoke wreaths partly obscuring her
and curling between the five and her
white dress, like mists floating across
the new moon.

Was it but a kindly phantasm of the
brain? Was it the incarnation of the
last vision of the lost volunteers? Was
it a Valkyrie assuming that lovely li-
keness to perch upon this eerie, waiting
to bear their heroic souls to Valhalla,
or was it Miss Betty Carewe?

To the chief she spoke—all of them
agreed to that afterward—but it was
Craley who answered, while Tom
could only stare and stand wagging
his head at the lovely phantom like a
mandarin on a shelf.

"My mother in heaven!" gasped
Craley. "How did you come up here?"
"There's a trap in the roof on the
other side of the ridge," she said, and
she began to fan herself with the pink
fan. "A stairway runs all the way
down—old Nelson showed me through
these buildings yesterday—and that
side isn't on fire yet. I'm so sorry I
didn't think of it until a moment ago,
because you could have brought the
water up that way. But don't you
think you'd better come down now?"

CHAPTER VII.

NOT SAVAGE HUN nor "barba-
rous Vandylke" nor demon
Apache could wish to dwell
upon the state of mind of the
chief of the Rouen volunteer fire
department; therefore let the curtain
be turned and dragged the nozzle to
the eastern eaves, whence, after a warning
gesture to those below, he dropped it
to the ground, and out of compassion,
it should be little more than hinted that
the gesture of warning was very slight.

When the rescued hand reached the
roof of the last flight of stairs they be-
held the open doorway as a frame for
a great press of intent and contorted
faces, every eye still strained to watch
the roof, none of the harrowed spec-
tators comprehending the appearance of

a smile of such appealing and minis-
trable sweetness that Voltaire would have
trusted him, a smile altogether rose
leaves. "Then I lose you," he said,
"for my only chance to know you was
in keeping it hidden from you. And
now you understand."

"No," she answered gravely, "I don't
understand. That is what troubles me.
I did believe you had the right
of the difference I could believe it no
sin that you should speak to me, should
take me home now. I think it is wrong
not to act from your own understand-
ing of things."

The young man set his expression as
one indomitably fixed upon the course
of honor, cost what it might, and in the
very action his lurking pleasure in do-
ing it hopped out in the flicker of a
glance in his eyes and as instantly
could cover again—the flea in the rose
leaf.

"Then you must ask some other," he
said firmly. "A disinterested person
should tell you. The difference was
political in the beginning, but became
personal afterward, and it is now a
quarrel which can never be patched up,
though, for my part, I wish that it
could be. I can say no more, because
a party to it should not speak."

She met his level look squarely at
last, and no man ever had a more truth-
ful pair of eyes than Craley Gray, for
it was his great accomplishment that
he could adjust his emotion, his reason
and something that might be called his
faith to fit any situation in any char-
acter.

"You may take me home," she
answered. "I may be wrong and even
beyond, but I do not feel it so now.
You did a very brave thing tonight to
save him from loss, and I think that
what you have said was just what you
should have said."

So they went down the street, the
hubbub and confusion of the fire grow-
ing more and more indistinct behind
them. They walked slowly, and for a
time neither spoke, yet the silence was
of a kind which the plot related to
have produced thus soon—their second
meeting. He waited until they passed
into the shadows of the deserted Car-
ewe street before he spoke. There he
stopped abruptly, at which she turned,
astonished.

"Now that you have saved my life,"
he said in a low, tremulous tone, "what
are you going to do with it?"

Her eyes opened almost as widely as
they had at her first sight of him in
her garden. There was a long pause
before she replied, and when she did it
was to his considerable surprise.

"I have never seen a play except the
funny little ones we acted at the con-
vent," she said. "But isn't that the
way they speak on the stage?"

Craley realized that his judgment of
the silence had been mistaken, and yet
it was with a thrill of delight that he
recognized her clear reading of him.
He had been too fond again.

"Let us go," his voice was soft with
restrained forgiveness. "You mocked
me once before."

"Mocked you?" she repeated as they
went on.

"Mocked me," he said firmly. "Mock-
ed me for seeming theatrical, and yet
you have learned that what I said was
true, as you will again."

She smiled upon this, then, as in
whimsical indulgence to an importu-
nate child:

"Well, tell me what you mean when
you say I saved your life."

"You came alone," he began hastily,
"to stand upon that burning roof!"

"Whence all but him had fled!" Her
laugh rang out, interrupting him.
"My room was on the fourth floor at
St. Mary's, and I didn't mind climbing
three flights this evening."

Craley's good nature was always per-
fect. "You mock me, and you mock
me!" he cried, and made her laughter
but part of a gay duet. "I know I
have gone too fast, have said things I
should have waited to say, but, ah,
remember the small chance I have
against the others who can see you
when they like. Don't flout me be-
cause I try to make the most of a rare,
stolen moment with you."

"Do!" she exclaimed, grave upon the
instant. "Do make the most of it! I
have nothing but inexperience. Make
the most of treating me seriously,
won't you? I know you can, and I—
I—"

She faltered to a full stop. She was
earnest and quiet, and there had been
something in her tone, too, as very of-
ten there was, that showed how young
she was. "Oh," she began again, turn-
ing to him impulsively, "I have thought
about you since that evening in the gar-
den, and I have wished I could know
you. I can't be quite clear how it hap-
pened, but even those few minutes left
a number of strong impressions about
you. And the stronger was that you
were one with whom I could talk of a
great many things, if you would only
be real with me. I believe, though I'm
not sure why I do, that it is very dif-
ficult for you to be real. Perhaps be-
cause you are so different at different
times that you aren't sure yourself
which the real you is. But the person
that you are beginning to be for my
benefit must be the most trifling of all
your selves, lighter and less to put on
than the little mask you carried the
other night. If there were nothing but
the little mask you might play to-
morrow."

"Did you learn this at the convent?"
gasped Craley.

"There was a world there in minia-
ture," she answered, speaking very
quickly. "I think all people are made
of the same materials, only in such dif-
ferent proportions. I think a little
world might hold as much as the lar-
gest, if you thought it all out hard
enough, and your experience might be
just as broad and deep in a small cor-
ner of the earth as anywhere else, but
I don't know! I want to understand—
I want to understand everything! I
read books, and there are people, but
no one who tells me what I want!"

"Oh!" Craley's lips began to form

"Stop!" He lifted his hand. A singu-
lar exaltation rose in him, together
with the reckless impulse to speak
from the mood her vehement confidence
had inspired. He gave way to it.

"I know, I know," he said huskily.
"I understand all you mean, all you
feel, all you wish. It is all echoing
here and here and here!" He touched
his breast, his eyes and his forehead
with the fingers of his long and slender
hand. "We sigh and strain our eyes
and stretch out our arms in the dark,
groping always for the strange being
that is just beyond our grasp, seek-
ing for the precious unknown that lies
just over the horizon! It's what they
meant by the pot of gold where the
rainbow ends—only, it may be there,
after all!"

They stopped unconsciously and re-
mained standing at the lower end of
the Carewe hedge. The western glow
had faded, and she was gazing at him
through the darkness, leaning forward,
never dreaming that her tight grasp
had broken the sticks of the little pink
fan.

"Yes," she whispered eagerly. "You
are right; you understand!"

He went on, the words coming faster
and faster: "We are haunted, you and
I, by the wish to know all things, and
by the question that lies under every
thought we have, the agonizing 'What-
if?' Isn't it like that? It is really
death that makes us think."

She shivered slightly, but her stead-
fast eyes did not shift from him. He
threw back his head, and his face, up-
lifted to the jeweled sky of the moon-
less night, was beatific in its peaceful-
ness as he continued in an altered tone,
gentle and low:

"I think all questions are answered
there. The stars tell it all. When you
look at them you know. Do you see
the constellations swinging above us,
such unimaginable vastnesses, not roving
or crashing through the flammable
at haphazard, but moving in more ex-
cellent measure and to a finer rhythm
than the most delicate clockwork man
ever made? Ah, when you wonder look
above you—look above you in the night,
I say, I cried, his little unpraised life
his transfigured face. "Look above
you and you will never fear the fall of
a sparrow's fall could go unmarked."

It was not to the stars that she
looked, but to the orator, as long as
he held that pose, which lasted until
his head came down, and then he
hard ridden horse came galloping down
the street. As it dashed by, though

going fast, it seemed to her as if it
were a living creature, a creature
pursuing his lips so extremely
toward her brows so awry that
lower features were carried out of
their normal likeness, effecting an alter-
ation so shocking to behold in a man of
such cast of countenance as was
falsely mimicry to hear. She rose
in a terror, perceiving that this
was produced in burlesque
and an expression, and as he pre-
sented her stepped back, over-
turning her chair. She had little recollection
of her father during her childhood,
as long as she could remember no
one had spoken to her angrily or even
roughly.

As she retreated from him he leaned
forward, thrusting the hideous mask
closer to her white and horror-stricken
face.

"You can't see anything to resent in
that?" he gibbered. "It's so funny, is
it? Funny! Funny! Funny! I'll show
you whether it's funny or not! I'll
show you!" His voice rose almost to
a shriek. "You hang around fires, do
you, on the public streets at night? You're
a nice one for me to leave in
charge of my house while I'm away,
you trolop! What do you mean by
going up on that roof? You knew that
rascal Vanrevel was there! You did,
didn't you, you know it?"

She ran toward the door with a
frightened cry. But he got between it
and her, menacing her with his up-
raised open hands, shaking them over
her.

"You're a lovely daughter, aren't you?"
he shouted hoarsely. "You knew
perfectly well who was on that roof,
and you went. Didn't you go? An-
swer me that! If I'd had arms about
me when I got there I'd have shot that
mad mad! He was on my property,
giving orders, the black hound! And
when I ordered him out he told me if I
interfered with his work before it was
finished he'd have me thrown out—me
that owned the whole place—and there
wasn't a man that would lend me a
platoon! 'Rescue' you! You'd better rescue
him from me, you palmy laden dove, for
I'll shoot him, I will! I'll kill that
dog, and he knows it. He can bluster
in a crowd, but he'll hide now! He's
a coward and—"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

If it is a bilious attack like Cham-
berlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets
and a quick cure is certain. For sale
by the Jackson Drug Company.

CHAPTER VIII.

M. CAREWE was already
at the breakfast table, but it
was the morning after her fall, and
den behind the Rouen Jour-
nal, was not touched to his daugh-
ter when she took her place opposi-
tely him, nor did he see fit to return a
morning greeting, from which she ge-
nerously concluded that the burning
of the two warehouses had meant a
vere loss to him.

"I am so sorry, father," she said
gently, (she had not called him "Dad" since
the morning after her fall), "I hope
it isn't to be a great trouble to you."
There was no response, and after
waiting for some time she spoke
again rather tremulously, yet not tim-
idly, "Father?"

He rose, and upon his brow were
marked the blackest lines of anger she
had ever seen, so that she leaned back
from him, startled, but he threw down
the open paper before her on the table
and struck it with his clenched fist.

"Read that," he said, and he stood
over her while she read.

There were some grandiloquent head-
lines: "Miss Elizabeth Carewe an-
gels of Mercy! Saving Belle Saves
the Lives of Five Prominent Citizens!"

Her presence of mind prevents Con-
flagration From Wiping Out the City?
It may be noted that Will Cummings,
editor and proprietor of the Journal,
had written these tributes as well as
the whole account of the evening's
transactions, and Miss Betty looked as
large in Will's narrative as in his good
and lovelorn heart. There was very
little concerning the fire in the Journal.
It was nearly all about Betty. That
one of the misfortunes which pursue a

lady who allows an editor to fall in
love with her.

However, there was a scant mention
of the arrival of the volunteers "upon
the scene," though none at all at the
cause of their delay, and an eloquent
paragraph was devoted to their hand-
some appearance, Mr. Cummings hav-
ing been one of those who insisted that
the new uniforms should be worn.

"Soon," said the Journal, "through the
daring of the chief of the department
and the captain of the hook and ladder
company, one of whom placed and
mounted the grappling ladder, over
which he was immediately followed by
the other carrying the hose, a stream
was sent to play upon the devouring
element, a feat of derring-do personally
witnessed by a majority of our readers.
Mr. Vanrevel and Mr. Gray were
joined by Eugene Madril, Tapping-
ham Marsh and the editor of this pa-
per, after which occurred the unfor-
tunate accident to the long ladder, leav-
ing the five named gentlemen in their
terrible predicament, face to face with
death in its most awful form. At this
frightful moment—And all the rest
was about Miss Carewe.

As Will himself admitted, he had
said himself out on that description.
One paragraph was composed of short
sentences, each beginning with the
word "alone." "Alone she entered the
shattered door! Alone she set foot up-
on the first flight of stairs! Alone she
ascended the second! Alone she mount-
ed the third! Alone she lifted her head
to the trap! Alone she opened it! She
was declared to have made her appear-
ance to the unfortunate prisoners on
the roof, even as 'the pale laden dove'
to the despairing Noah," and Will also
asserted repeatedly that she was the
"heroine of the hour."

Miss Betty blushed to see her name
so blazoned forth to print, but she
lacked one kind of vanity and failed to
find good reason for more than a some-
what troubled laughter, the writer's
purpose was so manifestly kind in
spite of the bizarre result.

"Oh, I wish Mr. Cummings hadn't!"
she exclaimed. "It would have been
better not to speak of me at all, of
course, but I can't see that there is
anything to resent. It is so funny!"

It was not to the stars that she
looked, but to the orator, as long as
he held that pose, which lasted until
his head came down, and then he
hard ridden horse came galloping down
the street. As it dashed by, though

going fast, it seemed to her as if it
were a living creature, a creature
pursuing his lips so extremely
toward her brows so awry that
lower features were carried out of
their normal likeness, effecting an alter-
ation so shocking to behold in a man of
such cast of countenance as was
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in a terror, perceiving that this
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me when I got there I'd have shot that
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